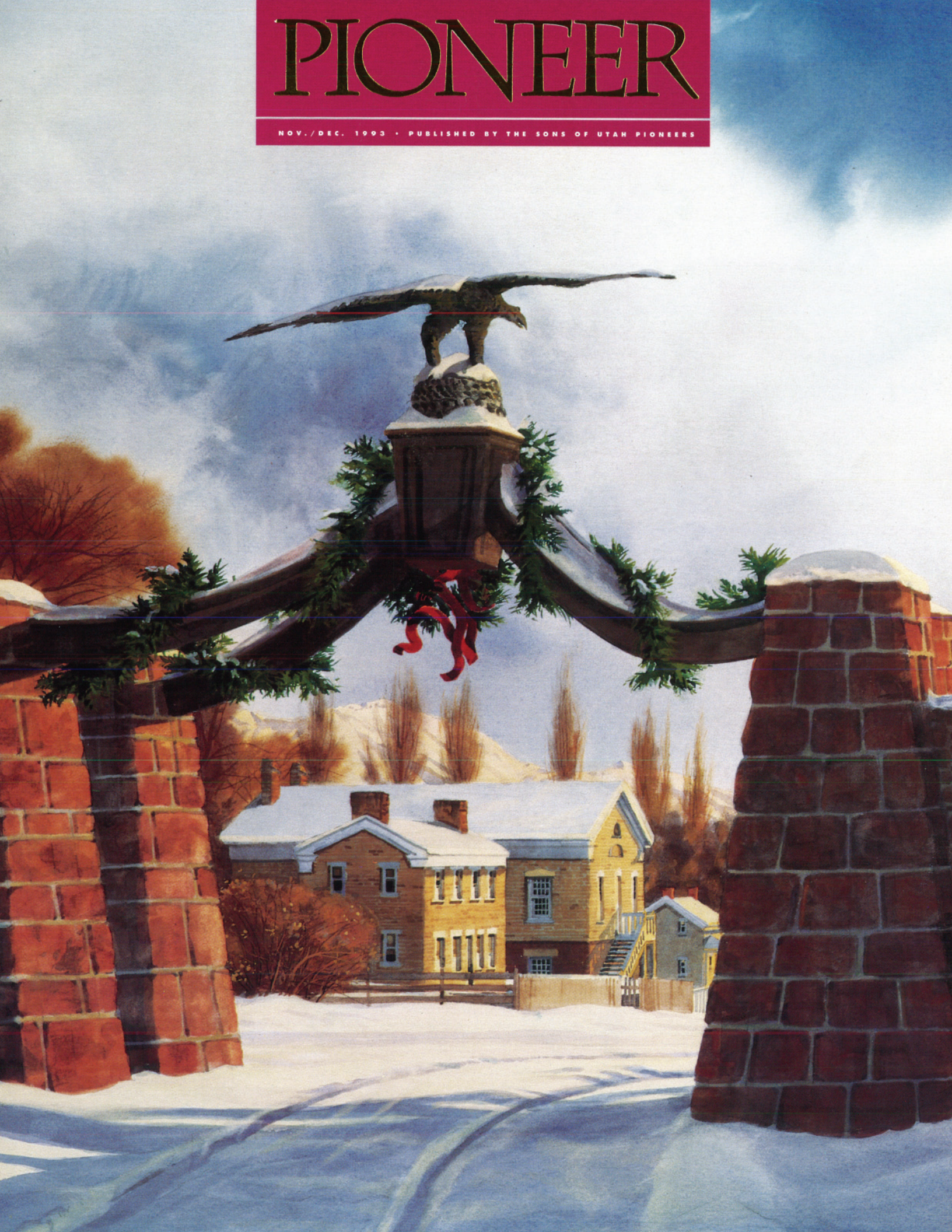


PIONEER

NOV./DEC. 1993 • PUBLISHED BY THE SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS





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PIONEER

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About the cover: "Christmas Through Eagle Gate" by Salt Lake City artist Al Rounds shows an early holiday view of Salt Lake City's State Street from the Eagle Gate. At center you can see the Old Social Hall, site of many Christmas parties during the pioneer era. The piece was commissioned especially for this issue of *Pioneer* magazine.

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Ab Jenkins, a son of pioneering Welsh immigrants to Utah and an automobile racing pioneer in his own right, was recently honored during special ceremonies conducted by the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers at the Utah state capitol building.

A handsome new display case for Jenkins' famous Mormon Meteor III was announced during the ceremonies, as well as a bronze bust of the man who established numerous world land speed records during his time. Utah Gov. Michael O. Leavitt attended the program and made welcoming remarks.

The bust of Jenkins by Leeds, Utah, sculptor Jerry Anderson was donated by the American Cancer Society, which chose to honor the racing pioneer for the strong public stance he took against tobacco during his professional career.

For a more intimate look at the racing king and how his pioneer heritage influenced his life, please see the profile by *Pioneer* columnist Wendell J. Ashton on page 30 of this issue.

The SUP's silver medallion commemorating the Salt Lake Temple Centennial is still available. The gold-plated medallion, minted by the Liberty Mint of Provo, depicts the Salt Lake Temple on one troy ounce of .999 fine silver.

Briefly Noted

It can be purchased for \$25, which includes a coin cover. According to SUP executive secretary Geral Wilde, it is the third such medallion to be issued by the SUP. The first two medals depicted Joseph Smith in the Sacred Grove and the angel Moroni at the Hill Cumorah, respectively.

Arrangements to purchase the new medallion or the previous medals can be made through Wilde at the SUP National Office: (801) 484-4441.

Florence Youngberg of the National Office reminds us that the Canyon Rim Family History Center at the SUP Building (3301E, 2920 So. in Salt Lake City) is acquiring new books and histories every week. Recent acquisitions include community histories of Lynn, Mass., and Mona, Lehi and Sandy, Utah, as well as an interesting volume about the settling of southern Utah called "Under the Dixie Sun."

"There are many other locality histories, plus our biographies and family histories and other material," Mrs. Youngberg noted. "We have much to offer patrons who come and do their research. And if people don't know how to go about it, we have assistants who can teach them."

Hours for the Canyon Rim Family History Center at the SUP Building are 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Tuesdays and 9 a.m.-9

p.m. Wednesdays and Thursdays.

•
Trivia time!

How many plaques and monuments has the Sons of Utah Pioneers and its chapters dedicated in an effort to preserve and celebrate the history of our pioneer forebears?

The answer? Well . . . we don't know. At least, not exactly.

"We have information on most of the monuments, we think," said Mrs. Youngberg, who tries to keep track of such things at the National Office. "But we are certain that there are other monuments and plaques out there that we just don't know about."

So the National Office is asking for your help. If you know of any monuments, markers or plaques in your area that were installed by the SUP National Society or any of its chapters, please write to Mrs. Youngberg at the National Office and let her know. She's trying to put together a booklet that people can use as they travel around the country so they can visit historic sites related to Utah's pioneering past. Useful information would include the historical subject being recognized, the exact location of the marker and its dedication date.

Oh, and about that trivia question: we'll let you know as soon as we know. ▼



President's Message

PRESIDENT FRANK A. BROWN

A New Era for *Pioneer*

With this issue of *Pioneer* magazine the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers introduces several exciting changes to our bimonthly publication. Some of them are readily apparent: color photography, high quality paper and more room for stories and articles. Others will only become evident as you carefully read the magazine and become aware of its style and format. Thanks to a generous private donation, the support of our advertisers and the encouragement and approval of our board of directors, *Pioneer* has become

ual SUP members that you've come to expect in *Pioneer*. But now the magazine will also reach out to others in a meaningful way, sharing the spirit and achievements of our pioneer forbearers with many who might not otherwise have the benefit of their experiences. We welcome our non-SUP readers, and want you to know that there will always be something of interest and value in *Pioneer*. Our feeling is, you don't have to be a pioneer descendant to appreciate and draw strength from their experiences and example.

Take *Pioneer* magazine,

any political or sectarian bias matters of importance intended to promote an active interest in this celebration . . ."

Utah's pioneer centennial came and went, but *The Pioneer* kept going. After all, there were still stories to tell and a noble pioneering heritage to preserve. From time to time during its nearly six-decade run, *The Pioneer* underwent alterations. New editors changed its style and format. The size and length of the publication was adjusted several times. Even the name was changed — albeit only slightly — from

appreciation to Lewis B. Murdock, who has been the magazine's editor, and Florence Youngberg, who has been his assistant. Both have worked tirelessly, and we thank them for their loyalty and dedication.

And so we begin a new phase in the history of *Pioneer* magazine. Just as that first issue heralded the then-impending Centennial, we inaugurate this new format with an eye toward the Utah Pioneer Sesquicentennial in 1997. In so doing, we invoke again a voice from our past.

"We dedicate this publication . . . to promote the spirit and courage of the pioneers of the West," editor Goates wrote on page two of that first issue. "Let the rugged, courageous, fearless and friendly lives of the pioneer forefathers of the West radiate into our own lives, and let us also remember that the past is for reference and for reverence . . ."

That's a worthy ambition for SUP and for *Pioneer* today, just as it was 37 years ago. ▼

Next Month in Pioneer: In January 1994 *Pioneer* magazine will explore "Pioneer Artists," including a look back at the Paris art mission, a profile of actress Maude Adams, insights on the importance of music to the pioneers and a tribute to "Psalmists in Handcarts."

Pioneer has become an even more distinctive publication, one with a narrow focus but broad appeal . . . "an historical journal with a populist tone."

an even more distinctive publication, one with a narrow focus but broad appeal — or, as our chairman, Charles Graves, likes to say, "an historical journal with a populist tone."

Of course, the magazine will continue to serve the needs of the national organization and its members. In this issue, for example, you will read about the annual national SUP encampment, held in September in Sparks, Nev. You will also see the reports of chapter activities and news involving individ-

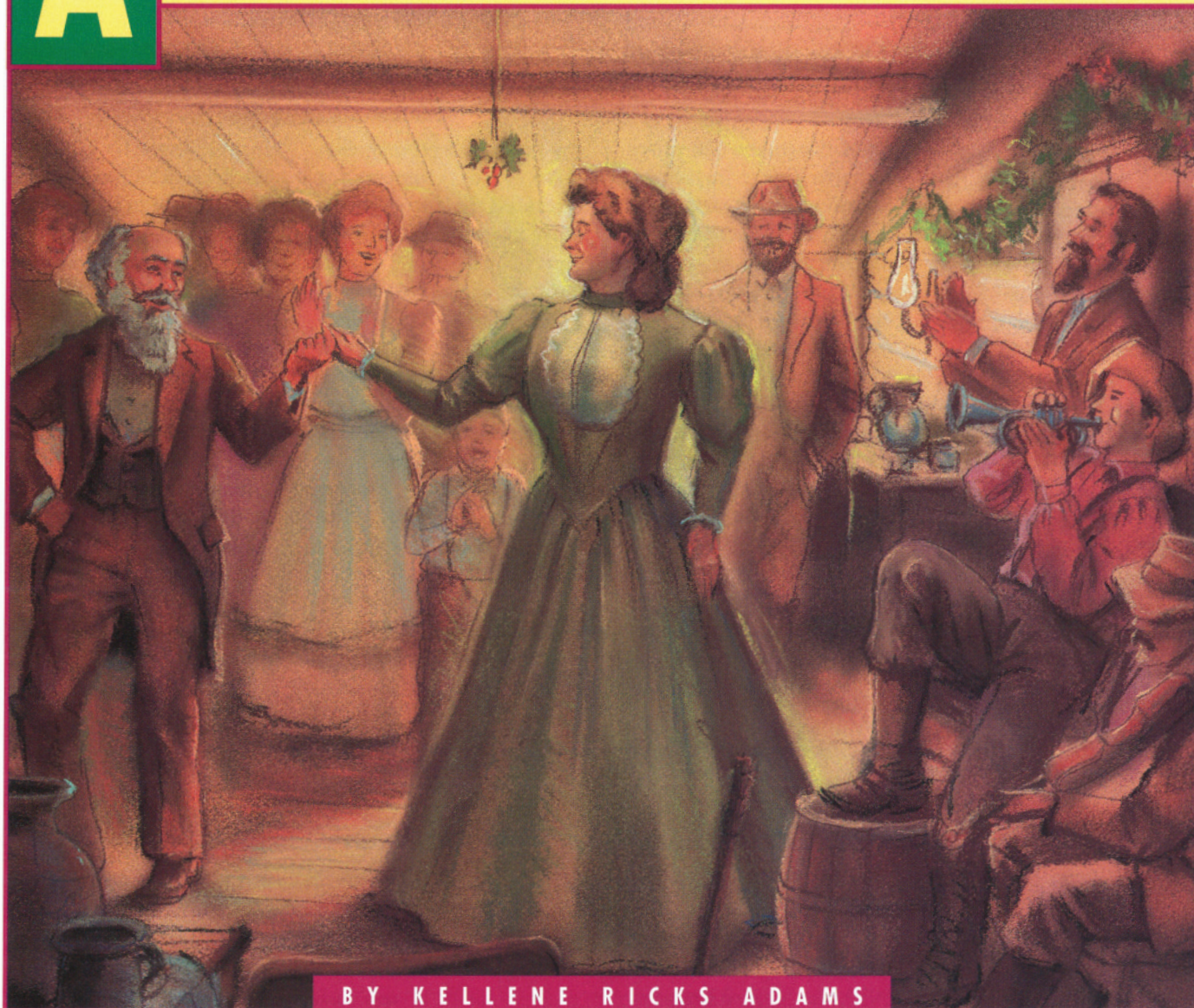
for example. In June of 1936, the Sons of Utah Pioneers published the first issue of *The Pioneer*. On the cover page of Vol. I, No. 1, the magazine proudly referred to itself as "the Herald of Utah's Centennial Exposition (1847-1947)." Inside, editor G. A. Goates continued that theme, indicating that the purpose of *The Pioneer* "is to stimulate and promote the grand centennial exposition in commemoration of the 'birth of the Western Empire' and to bring to its readers free from

The Pioneer to just *Pioneer*.

As it usually is with such things, looking at *Pioneer* through the eyes of history lends perspective and understanding to our present situation. Although these current changes seem monumental, in a broader context they can be viewed as just another evolutionary step in the magazine's development. As we take that step, however, we can't help but think fondly of those who helped prepare *Pioneer* for its exciting future. On behalf of the organization I would like to express

A

PIONEER CHRISTMAS



BY KELLENE RICKS ADAMS

Frost formed on the chinks between cabin logs and glistened in the firelight. A coating of ice topped the milk in the blue pottery bowl in the center of the table. It was the night before Christmas, 1855, and Martha Middleton had never seen such bitter weather. Her husband, Charles, was outside in the blizzard taking care of the cattle. Once a healthy herd of 13 animals, there were now only five skinny cows. The herd was located some distance away, and Martha worried that Charles would be unable to return. She ached when she thought of spending Christmas without him.

Martha ran a spoon around the edges of the blue pottery bowl, gathering the ice crystals. "Ice cream for Christmas," she mused. "Charles won't know what he's missing."

Wind screamed against the cabin's canvas door, and swirls of snow snuck in and settled on the dirt floor. Martha's teeth chattered as she pulled the straw tick bed closer to the fire and piled on extra blankets

and the tanned hides of several small animals. Before taking her baby in her arms and snuggling into the inviting warmth, she knelt in prayer.

"Dear God — please, oh, please — take care of Charles," she prayed. "Keep him under thy protecting care. It's not that I mind spending Christmas alone. I only want one thing, dear Father. That thou wilt keep him safe from harm and danger. Amen."¹

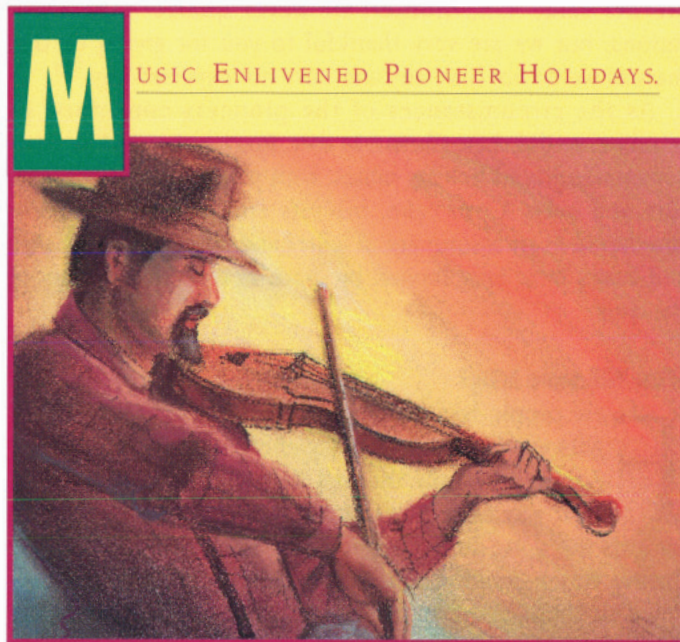
Utah's pioneers knew much about the spirit of Christmas. For most of them, it was inseparably connected to their spiritual nature, which had been honed and refined through persecution and trial. It was a spirit that buoyed them all year long, and contributed to the hopeful, positive, upbeat vision they had of life. Martha Middleton wasn't the only settler to call frozen milk "ice cream." Looking on the bright side was a way of life for the pioneers, and the holidays only reinforced their dogged determina-

tion to enjoy life and all it offered.

And throughout the pioneer era, the holidays offered so much. The pioneers were a diverse group, coming from several different countries, and they brought their Christmas traditions with them. Plum pudding, mistletoe and yule logs came west with the English, the French held midnight Christmas services, and the Italians contributed the "Presepio," or a model of Bethlehem.² The realities of their new lives, laden at times with scarcity and harshness, required that they also create new traditions to be interwoven with the old. Music, food, gratitude and faith became the foundation upon which they built a pioneer Christmas.

Heralding the Holidays

Although Thanksgiving didn't become a national holiday until 1863, many states and regions had been observing a day of thanksgiving since George Washington first suggested the idea in 1789. And the Saints brought these regional traditions west with them to create a Utah Thanksgiving. For the Utah pioneers, Thanksgiving heralded the holidays. It "took on more or less of the character of Christmas,



although it was not considered 'Gift Day,' yet there were always church services in the morning and afterwards, gatherings, reunions, family dinners, evening festivities and the decorations with winter flowers, the trailing ivy and evergreens festooned fantastically and ornamented with red berries, and other appropriate symbols of hilarity and mirth . . . When the rooms were hung with green boughs and vines and all the paraphernalia of the devotees of pleasure, one can easily imagine legends and fairy tales to be true and for a short time, at least, abandon himself to full enjoyment of the passing pleasure."³

Hard work was necessary in order to survive, and daily chores and duties could not be ignored even for the holidays. But Thanksgiving brought an excitement in the crisp autumn air that would last through the winter storms and blizzards. Sarah Bell Harris remembers: "As winter approached we began thinking of

Christmas, so in preparation we would whitewash the walls with lime, and scrub the chairs and tables. All this cleaning made the house more cheerful and livable. Then as Christmas neared we brought in fine pine boughs and hung them around the walls. Their aroma added to the atmosphere of the season."⁴

Early Pioneer Christmases

Although time and resources were meager in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, the pioneers had a humble Christmas celebration (please see "The First Christmas in the Valley" on page 13). But their hard work and sacrifice paid off, and subsequent Christmases were celebrated more festively. In 1848, only the second Christmas in the Salt Lake Valley, Heber C. Kimball and his wife, Vilate, invited a few of the early LDS Church leaders to dinner. Guests included Brigham Young and some of his family, Willard Richards and others of the apostles.

"The conversation was cheerful," recorded Emmeline B. Wells, "and as Sister Vilate Kimball was the hostess, it must have been a very pleasant affair; as for myself, I was too much occupied with my baby to take much notice of the amusements, except that I know Hans played the violin, and Brother Smithies the big bass, and Horace K. Whitney the flute, and of course there was singing . . . But I don't believe we had presents for the children. I don't know what we could have given them, they were not days of plenty and we had scarcely become accustomed to our new surroundings."⁵

The next year Thomas Bullock recorded in his diary: "Christmas Eve was all alive by the people in all directions firing guns, pistols, revolvers and the cannon fired several times. A dance at Martin H. Peck's, and the band played at Aaron Farr's house."⁶

That same year, 1849, President Brigham Young invited some 150 people to his home for a holiday gathering. "The tables were twice filled by the company," the Journal History of the Church records, "and all were feasted with the good things of the Valley. When the tables were removed, dancing commenced, which was continued with energy and without interruption, except for supper, till a late hour."⁷

In 1856, a large number of returned missionaries were invited to Brigham Young's new residence, the Lion House. "President Young gave a fatherly welcome and counseled his guests to enjoy themselves in singing, conversation, praying and preaching. The report of the occasion went on: 'Brigham Young remembered, as he often does, that in inviting guests to a party, the only limitations to numbers, in his feelings, was the extent of room for their accommodation, hence had he suitable rooms, he would never wish to stop until he had invited every Latter-day Saint in all the world.'"⁸

Sleeping Mountains Echoed

Music was always an integral part of the season. After all, these were a people who had worshipped, mourned and rejoiced through song as they built cities, buried loved ones and labored across the plains. Song sprang from their souls and lips almost as naturally as words.

A few precious musical instruments, carefully carted across

H

HOMEMADE RAG DOLLS WERE A WELL-LOVED GIFT.



the plains in handcarts and wagons, added to the holiday festivities. Musical talent was greatly appreciated in the budding communities, and the holidays provided an opportunity to display those talents.

"Early on Christmas morning, Thursday, December 25 [1851], several companies of serenaders, with brass instruments, made the sleeping mountains echo with the sound of rejoicing," wrote Elder George D. Watt. "Our attention was drawn more particularly to the Governor's mansion, in the front of which was drawn up in military order a troop of horseman. This was the brass band, giving his Excellency a good wish in sweet strains."⁹

The band made another appearance the next year, "playing before the houses of the First Presidency and the members of the Council of the Twelve."¹⁰

Special events were often planned for Christmas Day. The Social Hall was built in 1852, and became the frequent site of Christmas festivities. The first year rivaled all others as the best. "Our girls and boys will never forget the first Christmas tree where there was a present for every child of several large families, and all numbered and arranged in perfect order of name and age. President Young — Brother Brigham — was foremost in making the affair a grand success . . . After the Santa Claus tree was stripped of its gifts, the floor was cleared and the dancing commenced, and there was good music, too, and President Young led the dance, and 'cut a pigeon wing,' to the great delight of the little folks."¹¹

Popular Puddings and Other Holiday Fare

The diet of Utah settlers was simple, restricted largely to what they could grow or hunt themselves. But loving mothers outdid themselves in creating holiday treats using whatever was available. Cornelia S. Lund remembers "ice cream made with snow and milk to which was added sugar and flavoring. It was instant ice cream and had to be eaten immediately."¹²

Puddings were the popular everyday dessert in most pioneer homes, and the winter holidays were never complete

without the old-fashioned plum pudding.¹³

Of course, in some areas there was not always ample food. But small bands of pioneers establishing infant communities made a concerted effort to make the holidays as festive as possible. "Such a spirit was manifest by the first settlers in Rockport Ward in Summit Stake. The few families who moved to that region had taken but few cattle with them that season. At Christmas time they prepared a cooperative or community dinner. In the church record we read that 'the men jointly purchased a piece of beef for which they agreed to pay in grain after the following harvest.'"¹⁴

Stories also abound of good will to men — those with little reaching out to those with nothing. Patience Loader Rosza recalls a December 1856 memory: "It was supper time and we were hungry and without food, when a good brother came to our campfire. He asked if mother had no husband and she told him her husband died two months ago and was buried on the Plains. The brother had been standing with his hands behind him. He then handed us a nice piece of beef to cook for supper. He left and came back with a beef bone and said, 'Here is a bone to make some soup, and don't quarrel over it.' Mother said, 'Oh, brother, we never quarrel over short rations, but we are very thankful to you for giving us this meat as we do not have any and have not expected any.'"¹⁵

As the circumstances of the pioneers continued to improve, so did their Christmas diet. Roast goose and venison sometimes graced holiday tables, with plenty of potatoes, carrots and corn. Corn cake, biscuits and warm bread were smothered in an assortment of jellies and jams. Flavors of pies and cakes were only limited by, once again, the creativity of the cook.

What Will Santa Bring?

Few people had money for gifts; in fact, store-bought gifts would gain popularity only slowly over the years. Again, creativity reigned as homemade gifts found their way under the Christmas tree. A favorite surprise for girls was a rag doll, often made by a mother or older sister during stolen midnight moments. Some dolls had embroidered or charcoal-drawn faces; others had no faces at all. But these dolls were well-loved and comforted many a pioneer girl on a cold winter night. Of course, the boys went to bed without their willow-branch stick horses or hand-carved spinning tops, but they were no less loved. Clothes, coats and mittens were practical gifts, but much appreciated.

Stockings, faithfully hung in the chimney corner, were also filled with homemade fare, including "molasses candy, cut in all kinds of fanciful shapes, and pulled until quite light and brittle and gingerbread cut into fantastic figures, as well as doughnuts cut and fried beautifully brown."¹⁶

As a child, Sarah Bell Harris remembers that the big question always was: what would Santa bring? "We knew by past experience that he did not always get around to all the boys and girls. But nearly always he left a few raisins, a few pieces of candy and sometimes a glass or mug or an old doll made new with a new dress. Often he left a pair of warm mittens or a new pair of knitted stockings."¹⁷

Reasons to Rejoice

Despite all the dancing, singing and eating, the real reason behind Christmas — the celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ — was not overlooked by this group of Christian men, women and children. After all, they had trudged hundreds of miles and sacrificed much, if not all, of what they had to worship Christ freely. Worship services were faithfully attended, and uppermost in the minds of the pioneers was gratitude.

An editorial in the *Frontier Guardian* in December 1849 noted: "We as a community have great reason to rejoice, and be thankful to Him whose Providential care has been over us by day and by night, and whose tender mercies have been extended to us in this time of distress and affliction. We now have the means within ourselves to pass the winter comfortably, and it is hoped



that spring may open upon us with all the fair prospects which surrounding circumstances now seem to indicate . . . Cast off disagreeable recollections as much as your nature will possibly allow, and your bosom will not be tormented with them. Let the present year retire from your forgiving hearts, and may the dawn of the next year break upon your innocent and guileless spirits with a radiance and a joy that shall influence your course of life during the coming year."¹⁸

On Christmas Day of 1851, President Young addressed a gathering with these words: "Five years ago we were menaced on every side by the cruel persecutions of our inveterate enemies; hundreds of families who had been forced from their homes, and compelled to leave behind them their all, were wandering as exiles in a state of abject destitution: but, by the favor of heaven, we have been enabled to surmount all these difficulties, and can assemble here today in the chamber of these mountains, where there is none to make us afraid, far from our persecutors, far from the turmoil and conflicts of the old world.

"Brethren and sisters, has not the Lord poured out his blessing upon you to surpass all former times? . . . Is there room for one complaint or murmur by this people? No! You are full with the blessings of God."¹⁹

And in 1865, with the pall of civil war still hanging heavily over the nation, including pioneer Utah, the *Deseret News* noted: "The political sky of the world is anything but clear. Heavy and portentous clouds are hanging over the nations; and the present season of holiday-making is laden with muttered sounds that seem to indicate approaching strife . . .

"And while we wish, in the customary language of the season, a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all, the signs of the times do not augur peace to the world of mankind.

"Yet the nations and their inhabitants are in the hands of God, who will order all things according to His good pleasure; and individually we feel that as a people and community we have much reason to be grateful to Him for the peace, happiness and prosperity, continuing and increasing, which exists within our Territorial bounds."²⁰

No article was written, no address was given, no party was held during the holidays (or, for that matter, at any other time of the year) but that gratitude was expressed to God. The pioneer spirit of thanksgiving and optimism, exhibited by Martha Middleton's frozen milk "ice cream," was only enhanced during the holidays.

Martha finished her prayer and, feeling suddenly warm and reassured, crawled into bed with her baby beside her. Some time later she was awakened by a stirring in the house. As she peered toward the fire she saw the familiar outline of her husband, steam rising from his clothes as he tried to warm himself by the fire.

"Merry Christmas, Martha," he whispered.

Martha smiled. Then she replied: "There's mush in the iron kettle and ice cream in the blue bowl." ▼

1 Told by Rachel M. Jensen to LaRene King Bleeker, "The Sweetest Sound," *The Improvement Era*, December 1944, p. 741.

2 *An Enduring Legacy*, Vol. 9, Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1986, p. 142.)

3 *An Enduring Legacy*, p. 145.

4 *Treasures of Pioneer History*, Vol. 1, Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1952, p. 103.

5 See *Young Women's Journal* 12 (1901): 539-42.

6 *Christmas — A Joyful Heritage*, comp. by Susan Arrington Madsen, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1984, p. 28.)

7 *Journal History of the Church*, December 25, 1849, p. 1.

8 Zobell, Albert L. Jr., " . . . it being Christmas," *Improvement Era*, December 1949, p. 826.

9 *Journal History of the Church*, December 25, 1851.

10 *Journal History of the Church*, December 25, 1852.

11 *Christmas — A Joyful Heritage*, p. 33.

12 *Heart Throbs of the West*, Vol. 11, Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1950, p. 337.

13 *Ibid.*, p. 360.

14 McGavin, E. Cecil, "How the Pioneers Celebrated Christmas," *Improvement Era*, December 1941, p. 743.

15 *Autobiography of Patience Loader Rosza Archer*, unpublished transcript, Brigham Young University.

16 *Young Women's Journal* 12 (1901): 539-52.

17 *Treasures of Pioneer History*, volume 1, Salt Lake City: Daughters of Utah Pioneers, p. 103.

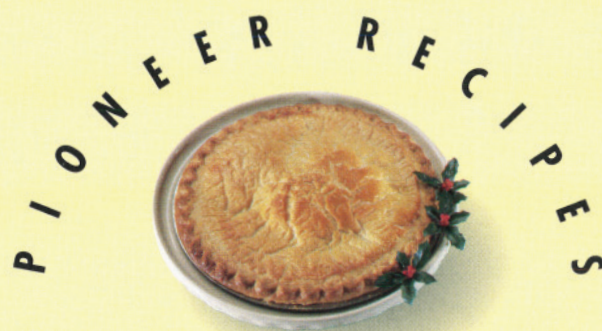
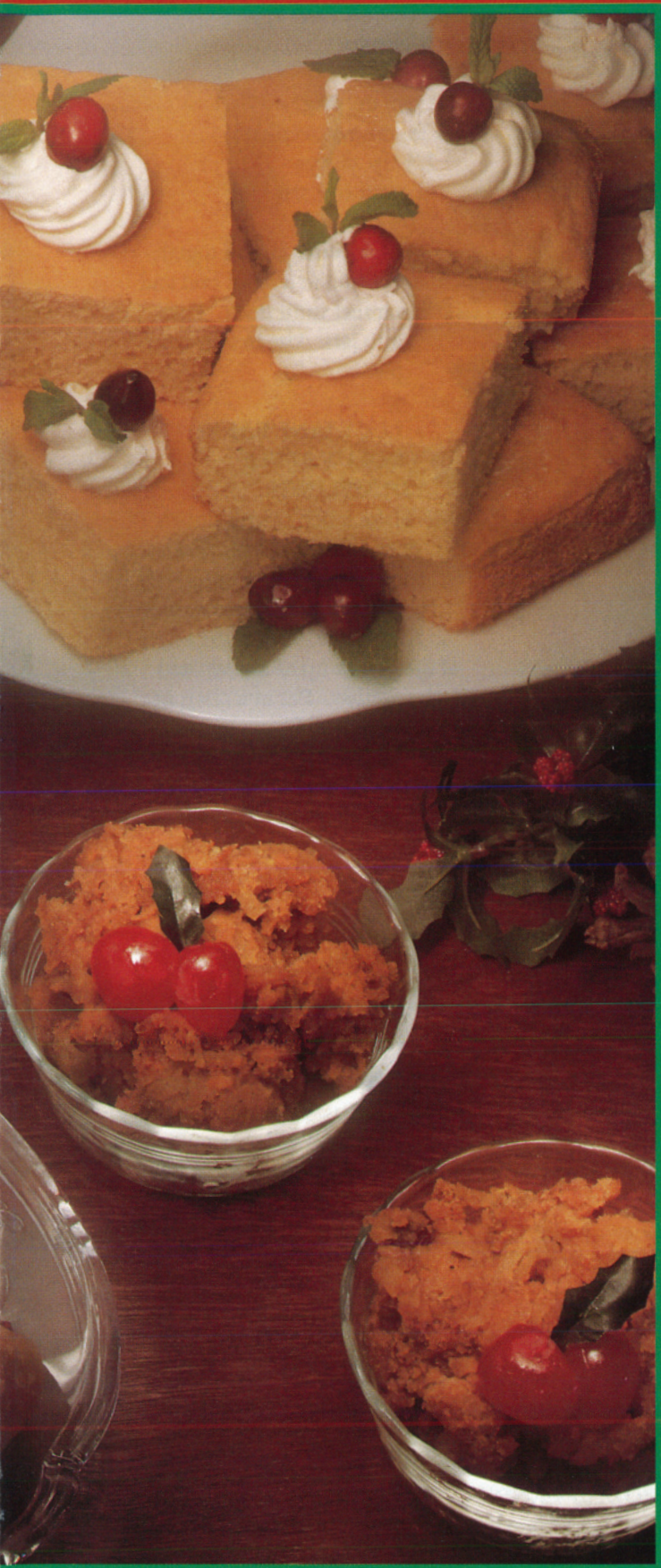
18 *Journal History of the Church*, December 26, 1849.

19 *Journal History of the Church*, December 25, 1851.

20 *Journal History of the Church*, December 24, 1865.



Photography by Dirk Douglas

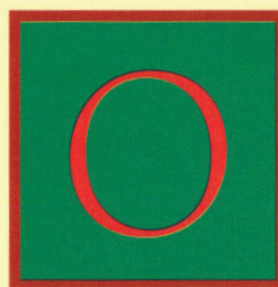


SONGS

— of the —

HEARTH

A selection of holiday recipes from pioneer kitchens to yours.



Our pioneer foremothers didn't have many of the kitchen conveniences most of us would think of as necessities. Hearths and open fires served as stoves and ovens; root cellars were as close as they came to a refrigerator. Kitchen know-how was passed from mother to daughter, and recipes were memorized — an easy task, really, since the same recipes were used over and over again. Oven temperatures were either “hot” or “warm,” and ingredients were measured in terms like “scant,” “pinch” and “dash.”

Following are a few holiday recipes as they were passed from neighbor to neighbor and from generation to generation — vague directions and all. If you decide to be a modern “pioneer” and try one or two this holiday season, don't forget the most important rule of pioneer cooking: nothing is so bad that it can't be eaten. — **KELLEN RICKS ADAMS**



OLD FASHIONED PORK CAKE

Ingredients

1 lb. fat salt pork
1 pt. boiling water
3 c. brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cloves

1 c. molasses
1 lb. raisins
1 lb. currants
8 c. flour
2 tsp. baking soda
2 eggs

Directions: Grind salt pork in medium grinder. Add boiling water and let sit on back of stove until dissolved. Add sugar, molasses, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. Mix, then add eggs and baking soda. To this mixture add flour, raisins and currants. Pour into pans and bake in medium oven for 1 hour or until done.

GREEN TOMATO MINCEMEAT

Ingredients

1 1/2 pt. chopped tart apples
1/4 tsp. allspice
3 c. sugar
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1 lb. raisins (seedless)
1/4 tsp. cloves
1 scant tsp. salt
1/4 c. vinegar

Directions: Mix all together, bring to a rapid boil and simmer until thick. Pour into jars. Use in two crust pie.

LUCY JANE BARK- DULL'S APPLE DUMPLINGS

Make a rich biscuit dough or short cake dough. Roll out to about 1/2 in. thickness. Heap sliced and spiced apples in the middle, feather the edges of the dough up to the top and pinch together. Put in a cloth bag large enough to allow expanding and drop into boiling water, cook until the apples are tender — about 45 minutes. These can be made into one large dumpling or small for individual servings. Serve with favorite sauce or cream.

PLUM PUDDING

Ingredients

1 lb. suet	1/4 lb. citron peel
1 lb. raisins	1 qt. bread crumbs
1 lb. currants	1 tsp. cinnamon
4 eggs	1/2 tsp. cloves and spice
1 c. sugar	2 Tbs. molasses or syrup
pinch of salt	

Directions: Mix all of the ingredients with water or milk and enough flour to hold together. Use 1 tbs. baking powder to 1 c. of flour. Boil for 3 hours.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Ingredients

1 c. flour	1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 c. cream	2 eggs
1/2 tsp. baking powder	1/2 c. water

Directions: Mix ingredients, pour around cooked pot roast and bake with meat for 1/2 hour.

HOREHOUND CANDY

Boil 2 ounces dried horehound in a pint and a half of water for about 1/2 hour. Strain. Add 3 1/2 pounds of brown sugar. Boil to a hard crack. Pour onto greased trays. Mark into sticks with a knife when it is cool enough to hold a shape.

MOLASSES CANDY

Ingredients

1 c. brown sugar
1 qt. molasses
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/3 c. butter

Directions: Combine molasses, butter and sugar in a kettle. Boil over a slow fire, stirring to prevent burning, until it is thick. Test for hard crack. Add baking soda. Stir well. Pour onto buttered cookie sheets. Cool until easy to handle and then pull with buttered hands until the candy is a whitish yellow. Cut with scissors into desired shape.

DRIED APPLE FRUIT CAKE

Ingredients

3 c. molasses
3 c. flour
3 eggs
3 c. dried apples
1 c. raisins
1 c. butter
1 tsp. soda

Directions: Soak apples overnight, chop them in the morning and put them on the fire with molasses. Stew until almost soft; add raisins. When mixture is cold, add flour, butter, eggs and soda; bake in a steady oven. This will make two good-sized panfuls of splendid cake; the apples will cook like citron and taste delicious. Raisins may be omitted; also spices to taste may be added. This cake is not dear but it is delicious.

ROLY POLY

Ingredients

1 c. sugar
1/3 c. butter
1/2 tsp. vanilla
2 Tbs. flour

Directions: Make a rich biscuit dough. Spread with a favorite fruit or jam. Roll up, jelly roll style. Cover with above mixture. Bake until done. Serve with cream or favorite sauce.



SPIDER CORN CAKE

Ingredients

2 eggs
1 c. sweet milk
1 tsp. soda
1 2/3 c. corn meal
2 Tbs. butter
1/4 c. sugar
1 c. sour milk
1 tsp. salt
1/3 c. flour

Directions: Put a spider on the stove. When it is hot, melt the butter. Turn and tip the spider so that the butter coats the bottom and sides of the pan. Beat eggs and sugar together. Add sweet milk and sour milk in which you have dissolved the soda. Add salt. Mix together the flour and cornmeal. Pour corn cake mixture into the spider and add one more cup of sweet milk. Do not stir afterward. Bake in medium oven for 205 minutes. When done, the cake should have a streak of custard through it. (Editor's Note: A "spider" is a cast-iron frying pan made with short feet to stand among the coals on the hearth. A sturdy skillet will suffice.)

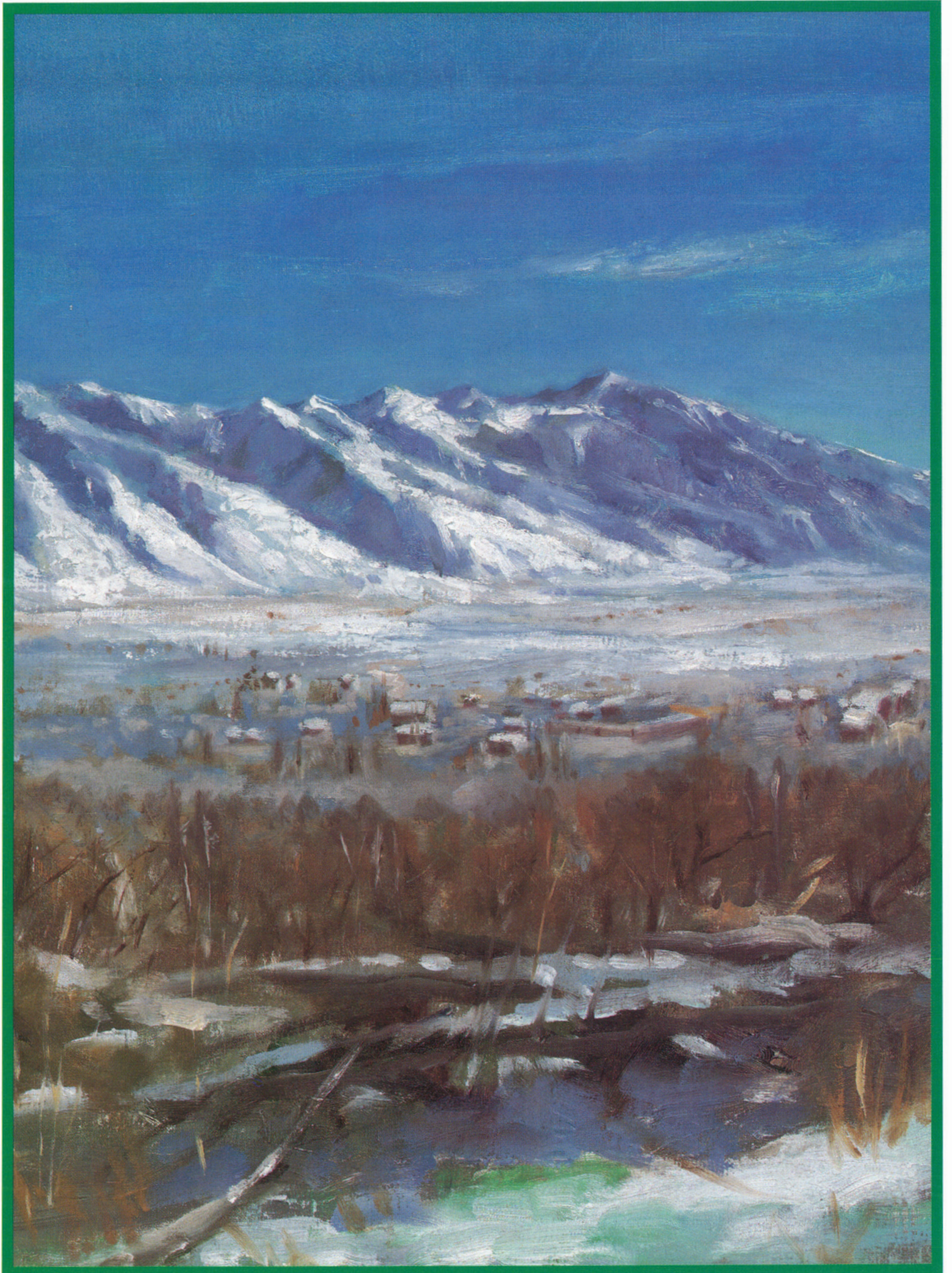
CHRISTMAS DAY ICE CREAM

Ingredients

1 snowy day
1 c. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 qt. sweet cream
1/8 tsp. salt

Directions: The most important ingredient is a snowy day. Combine cream, sugar, salt and vanilla in a two-handled dish pan. Scrape the top off a patch of clean snow. Stir snow into the cream until the mixture is thick and no more snow can be added. Pitch in and eat quickly before the snow melts! ▼

(Recipe sources: "The Secret of a Pioneer Christmas" by Patricia Ellis Anderson and "Heart Throbs of the West," Daughters of Utah Pioneers.)



T H E F I R S T CHRISTMAS in the VALLEY S H E R R Y L E W I S B R O W N

Christmas morning, 1847, dawned clear and sunny in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Although there had been some light snowfall, it had been a fairly mild winter to date, which was both good and bad as far as Utah's pioneers were concerned. It was good because the thaw allowed men to till and work ground that had never before seen the blade of a plow, thus increasing their chances of reaping an adequate harvest the following summer. But it was bad because the melting snow seeped through sod-and-rush roofs in a nerve-frazzling drip, drip, drip that kept everything chilly and damp.¹

Suddenly, the entire encampment was startled by a thunderous "BOOM!" from the old cannon in the middle of the fort. Children scrambled out of their beds . . . anxious and excited to see the cause of this unusual occurrence.

And that is just how it felt inside the cabins that were contained within the 10-acre log enclosure called the Old Fort — chilly and damp — as people began to stir that Christmas morning. For the adults, there were preparations for the usual chores: milking the cows, building up the fires in the fireplaces and cooking breakfast, which would probably consist of fried salt pork and corn meal. For the children there were the last few precious moments of sleep, snuggling under piles of quilts, waiting for the fires to warm the drafty cabins.

Then suddenly, the entire encampment was startled by a thunderous "BOOM!" from the old cannon in the middle of the fort. Children scrambled out of their beds to peer out windows and doors, anxious and excited to see the cause of this unusual occurrence. Men and women looked up from their morning tasks long

enough to smile an acknowledgment of the cannon's unspoken proclamation. Throughout the rest of the day, parents and children, neighbors and friends greeted each other with warm smiles, handshakes and the jovial words to the cannon's roared message: "Merry Christmas!"²

And that, for the most part, was that, as far as the first Christmas in the valley is concerned. It was Saturday, the weather was good and there was work to be done. According to Emmeline B. Wells, there was no departure from the daily routine, except for the wishing of Christmas greetings to each other.

"This was the extent of their celebrating the day," Sister Wells recorded. "The people were living on rations, and would not dare indulge in any extra cooking."³

Such scarcity at Christmas may sound sad, even pathetic in retrospect. But it was indeed a joyful season for Utah's pioneers, a fact that can only be understood from within the context of the times.

Although the first company of Mormon pioneers to arrive in the Salt Lake Valley in July of 1847 consisted of only 143 men, three women and two children, subsequent immigration that year expanded the population. By Christmas of 1847, more than 2,000 people lived in Great Salt Lake City.⁴

Within three hours of entering the valley the first furrows were turned in the soil, and in the five intervening months until Christmas the settlers only rarely stopped working. Their priorities were to plant crops, make a settlement and explore the surrounding country, in just about that order.⁵ Every day was a struggle for survival, with new and pressing challenges, from encounters with Indians whose customs were strange and frightening to the incessant howling of coyotes around the fort each night to the ongoing battle against time and elements to keep shoes and clothing wearable.

By December, population growth demanded additions to the north and south ends of the Old Fort, which was located near what is now Pioneer Park. Although the fort provided shelter, the homes located inside were not built for comfort. Many of the pioneers lived in tents until lodging could be constructed for them inside the fort.

"We had no floor but the ground, but we were thankful for a roof," Mary Jane Mount Tanner wrote in her autobiography. "My father laid the floor on Christmas Day, and my mother called it a merry Christmas."

But though the Utah pioneers lived in relative discomfort that first winter, their spirits remained high. Finally free from persecution, they truly believed they had been led to the Promised Land, where God would provide for them.

Still, some wondered why God's provisions were so meager, and so long in coming. With few possessions and scant supplies to see them through the winter, many of the pioneers experienced intense hunger. "There was not breadstuff enough to last . . . until harvest," Jesse N. Smith recorded. "I was just at an age (nearly 13) when my appetite was very keen, but there was no help for it. We voluntarily put ourselves upon rations. We had about half a pound of flour per day for each person, without any vegetables and but little meat (sometimes none), but we had a little milk from one cow. I was exceedingly hungry. For months my desire for food was not satisfied."⁶

The scarcity of food didn't suddenly disappear with the Christmas season. But as you read different pioneer accounts of that first Christmas in the valley, it appears that the extent of suffering for want of food depended largely upon the perspec-

tive of the individual recording the event. For example, Elizabeth Huffaker recorded rather soberly that the Saints ate boiled rabbit and a little bread for Christmas dinner. In contrast, Eliza R. Snow wrote in her journal that the pioneers enjoyed "a splendid dinner at which we freely and sociably partook of the good things of the earth."

Clearly, "splendid" is in the eye of the beholder.

The settlers had no Christmas gifts to exchange and no Christmas trees or decorations, but the spirit of Christmas permeated the camp.⁷ And they observed the season in a variety of different ways.

On Dec. 23, a Thursday afternoon, Rebecca Dilworth Riter, wife of Levi E. Riter, gave a dinner party at her home for some of the sisters. They enjoyed themselves greatly, and Millie Snow Gates (Sister Jacob Gates) proposed that they hold other such "organized parties."⁸ That evening, after the men finished their work in the fields, many couples attended a lecture by Gen. Charles C. Rich at the home of Brother James Brown.

As indicated earlier, Christmas Day was, for most people, a work day, although Robert Stanton Bliss recorded that some spent the day in "amusements," and at night there were "dances and plays by the young people." A party for the little girls of the camp was held on Christmas Night in Clara Decker Young's home,⁹ a small log room about 18 feet square on the east side of the Old Fort.¹⁰

It should be noted that Brigham Young and his counselors in the new First Presidency, Heber C. Kimball and

Willard Richards, were not in the Salt Lake Valley to celebrate Christmas with their families and loved ones. Earlier in the year they had returned to the east to help the main body of the church in its westward migration. On Christmas Day they were in the midst of a three-day conference at Council Bluffs, Iowa, where the brethren discussed matters of civil and ecclesiastical government. There is no record in the minutes of the conference of any special holiday observances or celebrations. Just as it was for their compatriots in the Rocky Mountains, the Christmas of 1847 was, for Brigham Young and the leadership of the church, very much a day of "business as usual."¹¹

The day after Christmas, Sunday, the Utah pioneers gathered around the flagpole in the center of the fort and held a meeting. This was to be their most significant Christmas observance. According to Elizabeth Huffaker's journal, "[t]here were words of thanksgiving and cheer. Not a despairing word was uttered . . . After the meeting there was handshaking all around. Some wept with joy."¹² They sang praises to God, including a heart-felt rendition of "Come, Come, Ye Saints" (the hymn became a traditional favorite at pioneer Christmas cele-

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brations; some children grew up with the idea that it was a Christmas carol¹³). As darkness fell, the entire company knelt together for the evening prayer.

Christmas Day was past, but the holiday celebrations had just begun. On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 28, Brother and Sister Jacob Gates hosted a gathering, during which Apostle Parley P. Pratt spoke on the subject, "The Velocity of the Motion of Bodies When Surrounded by a Refined Element."¹⁴ Brother and Sister Charles Crismon invited a number of Saints to their home for dinner on Wednesday, Dec. 29.

New Year's Eve parties were held in several homes, but the outstanding social event of New Year's Day was a party given by Apostle John Taylor. Although he was reluctant, given the circumstances of the times, certain members of his family prevailed upon him to host a party. And since provisions were scarce, they suggested that each guest should bring his own food. Brother Taylor found the suggestion repugnant, but he relented because he simply didn't have enough to feed everyone who was invited. In his journal he noted that "if we had to have a party, this must be the principle we must have it on."¹⁵ Thus John Taylor was host to the Salt Lake Valley's first pot luck dinner. And in spite of his misgivings, the 69 guests found the party to be a success, enjoying the dancing, singing and even the comic sermon preached by Brother Henry G. Sherwood.

With the resilience of a people who had survived — and who were continuing to survive — against incredible odds, the pioneers found joy in their new home that first Christmas as they celebrated the birth of their Lord and Savior. Their meager-but-heartfelt festivities in the face of adversity, from dancing to singing to dining on boiled rabbit and bread, are an eloquent expression of the faith and determination of extraordinary people during extraordinary times. ▼

1 Irvine, Arnold, "Cannon Boom Ushers In Christmas," *The Church News*, 25 Dec. 1965, p. 20.

2 Ibid.

3 Wells, Emmeline B., *Young Woman's Journal*, 12 Jan. 1901.

4 Allen, James B. and Leonard, Glen M., *The Story of the Latter-day Saints*, Deseret Book, Salt Lake City, 1976, p. 247.

5 Cameron, Marguerite, *This Is The Place*, The Caxton Printers Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1939, p. 134.

6 Shipp, Richard Cottam, *Champions of Light*. Randall Book, Orem, Utah, 1983, p. 55.

7 Madsen, Susan Arrington, *Christmas — A Joyful Heritage*, Deseret Book, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1984.

8 "The First Christmas in the Old Fort," *The Pioneer*, Dec. 1952, p. 9.

9 Ibid.

10 Terry, Keith and Ann, Eliza, *Butterfly Publishing Inc.*, 1981, p. 91.

11 Irvine, Arnold, "Cannon Boom Ushers in Christmas," *The Church News*, 25 Dec. 1965, p. 20.

12 Huffaker, Elizabeth, *Our Pioneer Heritage*, 14 (1971):204. Madsen, Susan Arrington, *Christmas — A Joyful Heritage*. Deseret Book Co., Salt Lake City, Utah, 1984.

13 Avant, Gerry, "Christmas Celebrations Grow Through The Years," *The Church News*, Dec. 23, 1984, p. 7.

14 "The First Christmas in the Old Fort," *The Pioneer*, Dec. 1952, p.

15 Ibid., p. 13.

Christmas, 1897: 50 Years Later

Statehood. The transcontinental railroad. The Salt Lake Temple. The establishment of settlements all along the Wasatch Front. ZCMI. These are just a few of the major accomplishments of the 50 years between the first Christmas in the valley and the Christmas of 1897 that helped to shape the Salt Lake Valley and the people who lived within it. Indeed, by 1897 Salt Lake City was a thriving metropolis, bearing a much greater resemblance to the Salt Lake City of today than it did to the lonely outpost of 1847.

Similarly, Christmas celebrations of the era were more representative of contemporary holidays than the spartan observances of the pioneers. The Victorian era was in full bloom, with many of the same endearing Christmas images and traditions that endure to the present. Santa Claus was an annual visitor, and children looked forward to receiving their portion of candy and nuts, dolls and sleds, tool boxes and toy horses on Christmas morning. Most homes had Christmas trees decorated with cookies with raisin faces, walnut shells covered with bits of tinsel and raisin boxes covered with crepe paper and wall paper.¹

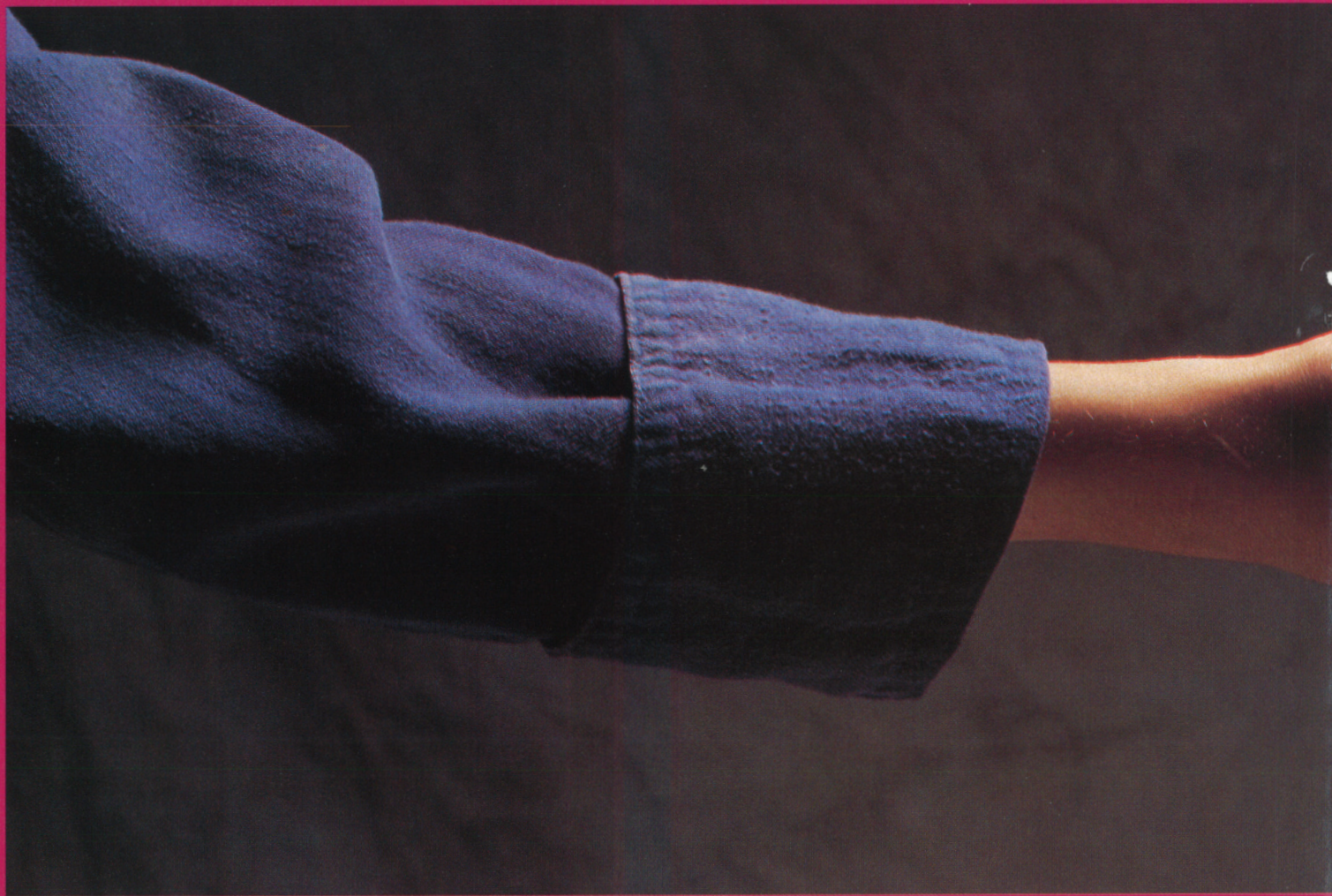
The *Young Woman's Journal* of December, 1897, cautioned its readers to avoid extravagance in purchasing Christmas gifts, providing patterns and suggestions for making presents for friends and loved ones. Some of the favored suggestions included a scrapbook of photographs of prominent actors and actresses, or photographs of prominent public men for those more politically minded.

"If he is an amateur photographer, or a critic of beauty, give him an album of 'Fair Women'," the *Journal* suggests. Of course, one could always give a society man a hand-made satin shirt protector. Or, for the more literary types, the *Journal* recommended a collection of quotations from favorite books, under each of which the man must write the author's name within one year or forfeit the book.

Invitations to parties abounded in 1897, and dances were still the entertainment form of choice. Everyone attended the Christmas Dance. Small beds were arranged on seats, and coats and shawls were used for coverings so even mothers with very young children could attend.

While it would not be accurate to say that the hardships of that first pioneer Christmas were forgotten (after all, a good number of 1847 pioneers were still alive just 50 years later), one could easily see that as the turn of the century approached, the austerity and quiet simplicity of Christmases past were little more than a memory. ▼

1 Madsen, Susan Arrington, *Christmas — "A Joyful Heritage"*. Deseret Book, Salt Lake City, 1984, p. 46.



A

DEEPER
HUNGER



*The golden apples of mythology
were less desirable than nature's
rosy apples to the fruit-starved
children of Goshen, Utah*

B Y R A M O N A W . C A N N O N

The following incident occurred in the childhood of N.L. Nelson, who was to become a professor of English at Brigham Young University and the author of "Scientific Aspects of Mormonism" and other works widely read among the Latter-day Saints. In recording this little story I am obliged to depend on memory alone, as the narrator is not here to verify details. However, the true Christmas spirit shone forth so brightly in his own account of this event that I am passing it on for you to enjoy its savor.

Late in the pioneer era, the Nelson family emigrated from Denmark and settled in the little town of Goshen, a dry, sandy, unyielding part of "Zion" at the foot of Utah Lake. Only with great difficulty could they eke out the humblest sort of living. This condition was particularly true when the father left his family to go on a mission.

The children and their mother suffered, sometimes acutely, from physical hunger — especially the hunger for fruit, which would not grow in Goshen. The Golden Apples of mythology, eagerly as they were sought, were less desirable to kings and princesses than were the luscious rosy apples of nature to the fruit-starved children of this little central Utah settlement.

Christmas was approaching, but the Nelson children were not excited about what Santa Claus would bring them. Of one



thing they felt sure: he would bring them no surprises.

Then one day the Nelson children saw something — something mysterious — something they felt they should not have seen. Mother was going into the house with a small packet and an air of great secrecy.

The next day when their mother was out working, temptation assailed the children. They stole up to the attic and came close to the old trunk, where the family treasures were kept and where things were hidden when hiding was necessary.

They did not open the trunk — that would not have been right — but they did wish to haunt the scene of mystery. Yet already the mystery was disclosed. Uhm! What a delicious aroma!

"Apples!" they cried. And again, in an awed voice: "Apples!"

The next day and each day thereafter until Christmas, the children returned to the attic to smell the fragrance of those apples and to anticipate the pleasure of setting teeth into their juicy firmness.

On Christmas morning each child received his round, rosy apple, and felt that indeed Santa Claus had been good. The other children ate their apples slowly, but young Nels looked at his, felt it, inhaled its fragrance and held on to it.

In the afternoon, when the children went out to play, Nels

carried his apple. A little neighbor girl came out. She had been very ill and looked pale, thin and starved. Many times Nels had felt sorry for her and had wished he might do something for her.

"Look!" he cried as she came nearer. "Look! This is my Christmas present!"

She looked and gasped. As Nels watched her, the fragile little body seemed to fade away, and he saw only a pair of eyes — great burning eyes fixed on his rosy apple. They did not ask, those eyes, nor did her voice make petition. But Nels knew that here was the opportunity to do something for his friend who had been ill. The deeper hunger to be kind — to give joy to another — waged war with the sharp pangs of physical need for the luscious fruit.

With a great inner wrench he forced a smile and thrust the apple into her hand.

"Here," he said. "You keep it for your Christmas."

Nels wheeled about and ran off, hot tears burning his eyes. But his pain quickly turned to happiness — and did ever after — as he recalled the expression of ineffable joy on the face of a little girl who had been ill. ▼

(Reprinted from Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star, December 1935, p. 810-811.)



Mule Cars in Pioneer Utah

Virtually all of the agencies of transportation that have changed so much our way of life were introduced within the lifetime of men and women still living. The automobile, truck, bus, airplane and motorboat are less than 100 years old. Today we think nothing of driving 40 miles on a family expedition or 1,000 miles on a summer vacation. But in grandfather's day, moving about was a difficult, uncertain and rare undertaking. The first American street car systems, for example, were simply railways, with all of the smoke and noise of the steam locomotive, or they were elaborate carriage wagons pulled by horses and mules.

Pioneer Utah's first street cars were of the latter character. They were significant not only for their convenience, but also for their theocratic promotion. In the pioneer Great Basin, most public enterprises were promoted by Brigham Young or other officials of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This was true of land projects, iron works, sugar factories, telegraph lines and street cars. When the comfort of the promised valley required street cars, Mormon officials were there to assist private enterprise in getting the job done.

And so in 1872, three years after the completion of the transcontinental railroad,

cars were imported from Pennsylvania and mules from Missouri to bless the latter-day kingdom. Pedestrians welcomed the cars as an escape from the spattering mud and dust of pioneer streets. Visitors to Salt Lake welcomed this handy way of seeing the city.

Utah's first "mule car" enterprise received its start when Brigham Young, the vigorous and omniscient leader of the Latter-day Saints, urged some of his sons and other ambitious young Mormons to organize a company and construct a street car line in Salt Lake City. At that time, the population of the Great Basin metropolis was approaching 15,000. John W. Young, Brigham's son who was to become one of the most famous promoters of railroads in the mountain west, was the first president. The corporate charter authorized 3,600 shares of capital stock, with a par value of \$180,000. This stock was to be issued at the rate of \$20,000 worth of stock for each mile of single track constructed.

On June 20, 1872, the first street car was put into service. Within a month the company had a mile and a half of single track constructed in the center of the wide streets of Salt Lake City. The track ran from the Utah Central (now Union Pacific) Railroad depot on Fourth West

and South Temple Street east along South Temple to the Temple Square Hotel corner. The line ran south one block and turned east on First South to Main Street. The line ran south two blocks on Main and then turned east for four blocks.

In addition to the first car, which was a heavy second-hand horse car carried to Utah from Omaha, Neb., on a Union Pacific flat car, three cars were built for use on the Salt Lake City line. These cars were open platform single-end Brill cars with two single trucks. They had a seating capacity of about 20 passengers. For the first few months, horses and oxen that had pulled Mormon convert immigrants across the plains were used to pull the cars. Soon the company ordered 24 Missouri mules. These stubborn imports were so satisfactory that mules were used to pull the cars until 1889 when electric cars were introduced. The mules pulled the cars at a speed of 20-60 minutes per mile. They could stand the steady trotting for three hours, after which they were replaced by fresh animals. Each car carried a conductor and a driver.

The youthful incorporators had undertaken their venture in 1872 on borrowed capital. When the panic of 1873 hit the country, they were unable to fulfill their obligations. The

enterprise was far too important to the church and the community to let it fail for want of money. Though far removed from the so-called centers of culture, Brigham Young and his associates were anxious to lighten the lives of their followers with such conveniences as modern civilization could afford. Accordingly, almost two-thirds of the stock was purchased by the LDS Church, and the company's office was located in the office of the president of the church on South Temple Street. Brigham Young assumed the position of president of the company.

The death of Brigham Young in 1877 did not alter the relationship between the company and the church. Young's successor, John Taylor, also backed the enterprise. For 10 years the church expanded and improved the system. Under church sponsorship lines were extended to cover every important part of Salt Lake City. By 1883 the company had 14 cars in operation, nine miles of track, 84 mules and 30 employees. Fares on the line were 10 cents or three for a quarter whether the ride was a block or a mile. Service was available at 20-minute intervals. Special consideration was given to families of missionaries and the poor. For an aged woman, the driver would stop the mules and assist her



The mules pulled the cars at a speed of 20-60 minutes per mile. They could stand the steady trotting for three hours, after which they were replaced by fresh animals.

to her home. There are also apocryphal tales about drivers delivering milk, taking eggs to market and even looking after youngsters, but such stories will have to be taken with due regard for the pioneer propensity to exaggerate.

In 1887, while the Congress of the United States considered the Edmunds-Tucker Act, which would disincorporate the LDS Church and confiscate all its properties in excess of \$50,000, the church sold its interest in the street car system to Salt Lake City Mayor Francis

Armstrong, a loyal and

wealthy Mormon, immediately enlisted the support of the wealthy banker and mining magnate, A.W. McCune. Within the next three years McCune spent \$1 million constructing about 30 miles of new track and electrifying the entire system. It then became a rapid transit system, and passengers were carried at the alarming rate of 12 miles per hour. The enlarged company also operated the Provo Street Railway at Provo, Utah.

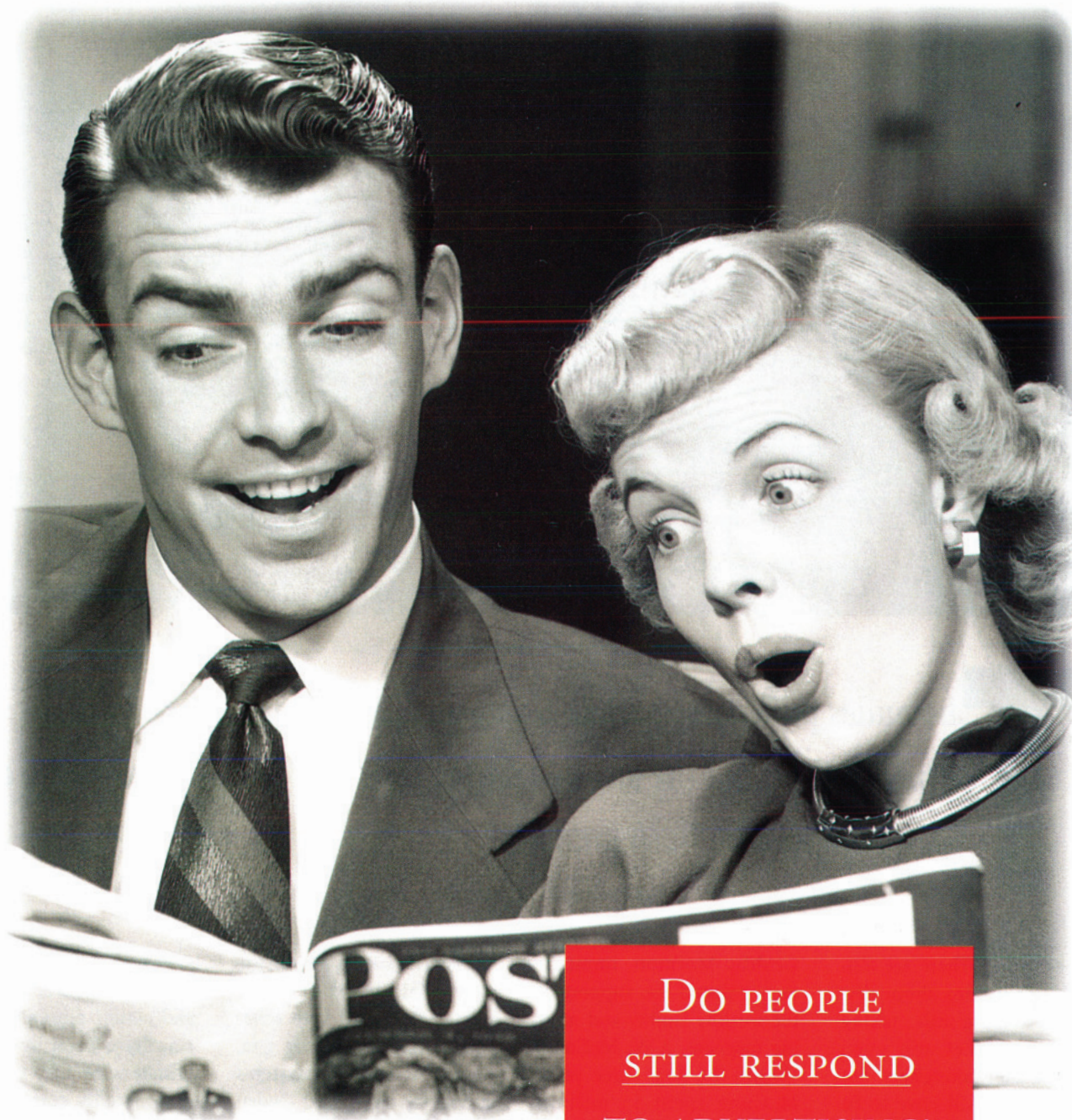
McCune later bought Armstrong's holdings in the company, developed an electric power plant in Big Cottonwood Canyon and greatly

improved the system in the early 1900s. In 1904 the line was amalgamated with other companies operating gas, electric and railway systems in Salt Lake City and Ogden to form the Utah Light and Railway Company (later the Utah Light and Traction Company). When buses, trucks and automobiles came upon the scene in the 1920s and '30s, the electric car system was finally abandoned.

While we drive in five minutes the same distance it required grandfather an hour to travel, it must not be forgotten that the introduction of the mule car and other "new-fangled" devices were

as revolutionary in their day as the jet plane, helicopter and atomic-powered submarine have been in our day. Oldsters of 121 years ago undoubtedly complained of the softness of a younger generation that preferred to ride rather than to walk. And the participation of the LDS Church in sustaining the enterprise when it seemed most likely to fail probably provoked some alarmists into declaiming against creeping theocraticism. ▼

(Sources: SUP News, July 1957; Arrington, Great Basin Kingdom, 290-91, 363-65, 370, 385.)



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1993 National Encampment: Warm Days, Warm Hearts.

It was difficult to tell which were warmer: the blue, cloudless skies that welcomed more than 400 SUP members, spouses and guests to the 1993 National Encampment in Reno, Nev., Sept. 23-25, or the smiles on the faces of the members of the Eastern Sierra Chapter, encampment hosts.

Let's just say they were all warm — and friendly and happy — as encampment attendees gathered Sept. 23 at the Reno Nevada North LDS Stake center. They came in chartered buses and individual vehicles, praising the beautiful weather as they registered and renewed old friendships and acquaintances.

Opening Night

The encampment was launched with an oriental-style buffet dinner in the stake center's cultural hall, on tables decorated with dried fall leaves. Violin music set the tone for the gathering, and entertainment was provided by the Ibarra sisters — Virginia, Laura, Alisha and Alma — who presented several exciting Spanish dances.

The chapel was filled for the opening meeting, which was conducted by SUP National President Frank A. Brown. Joining him on the stand were Eastern Sierra Chapter President Byron Young and encampment chairman Don Watts. The featured speaker for the evening



Encampment attendees learn about the ill-fated Donner party.

was Fred Horlacher, a local history teacher who prepared the group for the encampment trek they would be taking the next day by sharing some exciting and vivid stories from the area's unique history.

The meeting also featured a tantalizing preview of next year's encampment, scheduled for St. George, Utah, and a stirring performance of patriotic music by a fine male quartet.

Modern-Day Pioneer Trek

Following breakfast Friday morning, 10 busses, each with its own tour guide, left

the church parking lot and began a full day of touring and sight-seeing. Using the trek materials that had been prepared by Fred Horlacher, the tour guides shared information that made each leg of the journey interesting and informative.

The first stop was at Alder Creek, a beautiful green meadow surrounded by tall pine trees and towering, majestic mountains. It was here that the families of Jacob and George Donner made camp in 1846 when a broken axle deterred them on their journey through the Sierra Nevadas. It was their inten-

tion to just stay overnight — long enough to fix the wagon. But upon awakening the next morning, they were surprised to see that a thick layer of snow had fallen while they slept. They decided to wait out the storm, but the snow kept coming. It didn't let up for several days, by which time it was about 12 feet deep.

With the help of a portable microphone, Fred was able to share many details of the condition of the families that were trapped there that fateful winter. He said that the two families never reached Donner Lake as a

unit; only individual members actually saw the lake. The two Donner brothers, their wives, some of their children and most of their teamsters died at Alder Creek.

Donner Lake National Monument

The SUP bus caravan continued up I-80 to Donner Summit and the national campground, with its monument to the Donner party tragedy. The base of the monument is 20 feet high, signifying the depth of the snow at that spot during the winter of 1846. According to Fred, the Donner party actually arrived at the foot of the mountains covered with snow in late October, 1846. They knew then that their situation was critical, and so they sent two men ahead to Sutter's Fort for help. Snows became deeper, and no

help could get through until Feb. 19, 1847. Of the 87 people in the Donner party, five died on the trail before they reached the mountains, nine died at Alder Creek, 13 died at Donner Lake and 12 died while attempting to cross the mountains.

Lake Tahoe

Following a spectacular ride through the Sierra Nevada Mountains to the crystal blue and green Lake Tahoe, encampment trekkers stopped for lunch at Kiva Beach, formerly the site of wealthy summer homes and a resort at the turn of the century. Many of the homes are now open to the public for a leisurely walk through the compound. Looking out over the bay, one can almost see the steamboats that used to



President-elect Vernon J. Taylor

grace the lake, bringing passengers to the homes and the hotel there.

"Mormon Station"

The trek then traveled over the 7,740-foot Luther pass and into Hope Valley, so named by Mormon pioneers because of the abundant water and grass there. Genoa, formally called Mormon Station, was the first settlement in Nevada. During the stop there participants learned that the early Mormon period in Nevada lasted only about seven years, but it was an important time in Nevada's history. During that brief

period, the state saw its first settlement, first government, first elections, first school, first mining venture, first farm, first house, first irrigation and water management, first trading post and first fast-food drive-in (a quick stop for overlanders in a hurry to get to the gold fields in California.) It also saw Nevada's first mass exodus, when about 1,000 people and 150 wagons traveled back to Utah.

Bower's Mansion

The last stop on our tour was the beautiful Bower's Mansion, built in 1860 by Lemuel (Sandy) Bowers at a cost of \$407,000 furnished. Sandy's wife, Eilley Orrum Bowers, was Nevada's version of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown." She was born in the Scottish Highlands and married at age 15 to Stephen Hunter, who took her to Salt Lake City in 1850. Unable to reconcile herself to the practice of plural marriage, she left her husband. Three years later she was married to Alexander Cowen, with whom she moved to Carson County. When Cowen was recalled by Church leaders to Salt Lake in 1857, she refused to return with him. In 1858 she married Sandy Bowers, with whom she owned 20 feet of the Comstock lode. With the wealth they acquired in the gold strike of 1860, Eilley and Sandy traveled throughout Europe for three years. After Sandy died in 1868, Eilley frittered away all of her wealth, eventually



Local children provided pioneer-style entertainment.

living on nothing more than what she was able to earn as a Seeress.

For those on the trek, the time at the mansion was enjoyed visiting and reminiscing while enjoying a delicious steak dinner. Most of the group was back in Reno by 7:30 p.m. after a very full day.

Saturday Meetings

While the women of the encampment enjoyed a morning program of musical entertainment and historical sketches, the men who are members of SUP attended their annual business meeting. During the meeting Vernon J. Taylor, retired owner of a construction business, was selected by the delegates as the Society's new president-elect. He will serve as the National president in 1995. He has already served a term as an area vice president.

Others elected to office during the meeting were Leo D. Leonard, former dean of the School of Education and Human Development at George Washington University, who was elected to the Finance Advisory Council. Karlo K. Mustonen of Logan, Willie B. Hunsaker of Brigham City, Glenn H. Cornwall of Murray, Farrell W. Lewis and Richard B. Horsley of Provo and Franklyn B. Matheson, Jack B. Goodwin and Clair Phillips of Salt Lake were elected area vice presidents.

The delegates also conducted other business, including hearing financial reports and reviewing changes in the Society's bimonthly magazine, *Pioneer*.

Saturday afternoon the entire encampment came together for the final event of the three-day gathering, the combined Awards Program and President's Banquet. V. Vee Reynolds, National Awards Chairman, awarded



During the annual business meeting, SUP members were honored

14 plaques and 30 gold certificates during the event. Award-winners included:

Outstanding Chapter Individuals: W.P. "Phil" Robbins, Holladay Chapter; Robert H. Graham, Canyon Rim Chapter; Dr. J. C. Haws, Box Elder Chapter; Donald Wayne Mallet, Settlement Canyon Chapter; and V. Vee Reynolds, South Davis Chapter.

Outstanding Chapter Couple: Walter W. and Dorothy Willey, South Davis Chapter. Gold Certificates: Leo and Mildred Mower, Holladay Chapter; Max and Ann Wheelwright, Canyon Rim Chapter; Dr. Dale W. and Adele C. Young, Box Elder Chapter; and Joseph S. and Pearl McDonald, Twin Peaks Chapter.

Outstanding National Officer Couple: Morris and Faye Bennion.

Individual Chapter Award

For a Small Chapter: Buena Ventura Chapter.

Gold Certificates For Medium Chapters: Murray Chapter, Taylorsville Ben-nion Chapter, Cedar City Chapter, George A. Smith Chapter, Temple Quarry Chapter, Twin Peaks Chapter, Olympus Hills Chapter, Sugarhouse Chapter, Canyon Rim Chapter and Mills Chapter. Plaques: Jordan River Temple Chapter and Beehive Chapter.

Gold Certificates for Large Chapters: Mesa Chapter, East Mill Creek Chapter, Box Elder Chapter, Brigham Young Chapter, Settlement Canyon Chapter and Ogden Pioneer Chapter. Plaques: Holladay Chapter and South Davis Chapter.

Chapter Membership Award: Box Elder Chapter, with 29 new members. Gold Certificates: Brigham Young Chapter (27 new members),

South Davis Chapter (14 new members) and Jordan River Temple Chapter (14 new members).

Name Memorialization: Holladay Chapter and South Davis Chapter. Special Recognition: Dell Stout (for outstanding work in computerizing the name memorializations) and Howard B. Stringham (for most names — 12 — memorialized by an individual).

Short Story Awards: Darel P. Bartschi (Historical Town), Richard Jackson (Biographies) and Donald J. Rosenberg (Church History).

Encampment Award: Donald and Carma Watts, Eastern Sierra Chapter. ▼

(Editor's Note: Special thanks to V. Vee Reynolds and Geral Wilde, who also contributed important information to this article.)

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Oquirrh Mountain Chapter: New Monument Honors Magna Settlers

More than 50 people braved a blustery Saturday morning Sept. 18 to attend dedication ceremonies for a new monument celebrating early settlements in the Magna, Utah, area.



Oquirrh mountain chapter president Ron Andersen at Magna monument dedication.

The red sandstone monument, which acknowledges the pioneer-era settlements of Coonville and Fountain Green, is located near 4100 South on 8400 West in Magna. Construction of the monument was supervised by Eugene Sadler, chapter monument chairman, with design by Don Sadler and construction by Lynn Coon. All three men are direct descendants of Abraham Coon, who helped settle the area in 1853.

Under the direction of chapter president Ron Andersen, the dedication service featured several noteworthy speakers, including Kennecott Copper representative Kent Goble (another descendant of Abraham Coon), Utah State Rep. Dan Tuttle and local historian Belva Coon Jones. Eugene Sadler, a former chapter president for whom the monument is the realization of a long-time dream, offered the dedicatory prayer. — *Contributed by Blaine Covington* ▼

Temple Quarry Chapter: "Why not choose happiness?"

People can decide for themselves if they are going to be happy or unhappy, members of the Temple Quarry Chapter were told during a dinner meeting Sept. 9. And money and health, two of the things people think they need to be happy, don't really have much to do with it.

According to studies cited by Teresa Brooks Byington, a Utah State University home-economist, winning a sweepstakes didn't make winners any happier. Similarly, victims of serious accidents polled one year later indicated that they weren't any less happy as a result of their misfortune. The key to happiness, Mrs. Byington said, is attitude, and she suggested several ways people can develop a happy attitude:

— Sing. "And don't worry what other people say," she said. "The woods would be very quiet if only the birds with the best voices sang";

— Make time for the things you like to do, such as painting or reading;

— Be positive. Let your happiness show. "Remember, cheerfulness is the window cleaner of the mind," Mrs. Byington said;

— Like yourself. And show that you do by taking good care of yourself;

— Serve and share. "The

real secret of happiness is not what you give or what you receive," Mrs. Byington said. "It's what you share." — *Contributed by Golden A. Buchmiller* ▼

'SUP?

Congratulations to:

— Horace and Mary Beesley of Bountiful, Utah, who celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary Oct. 24. Horace is a member of the South Davis SUP chapter, where he has been active for many years (including participation in the 1947 centennial trek from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City). The Beesleys have five children, 40 grandchildren and 62 great-grandchildren.

— Kendon and Karma Anderson of Salem, Utah, who celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary May 28. The Andersons enjoy gardening, camping and working on wood crafts together. They are parents of eight children and have 43 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. Kendon is a member of the Palmyra Chapter. ▼

Name Memorialization:

Cloyd Seeley (SD) — 1
Harbon Heap (LCR) — 3
Joseph Emerson Weight (BY) — 1 ▼

The following names have been added to tiles at the SUP National Office:

Frank and Harriet Hunsaker (BE)
 Elbert and Winifred Epperson (BE)
 Allen and Ruth Lundgren (CR)
 Vernard and Dorothy Johnson (CR)
 Walter and Dorothy Wiley (SD)
 Tom Hayes and Eunice Watson Doxey (TP)
 Quinton and Darlene Palmer (PH)
 Jay and Louise Edwards

(PH)
 Lewis and Helen Wells (HOL)
 Oliver and Emily Dunn (BE)
 John and Lois Larsen (MILLS)
 Murray Chapter (MUR)
 Morris and Lucile Sorensen (CR)
 Eric and Joy Hogan and Family (CENT)
 Floyd and Nine Clegg (BY)
 Tanner Elden Youngberg (CR) ▼

Chapter Eternal

Norman George Berndt, 88, of Salt Lake City died Aug. 1, 1993. He was born in Newark, Del., to Heinrich Carl and Emma Moeckel Berndt. He married Grace Emery in 1927; she died in 1967. He married Lucile Huff in 1967. He was active in the LDS Church and worked extensively in Scouting. He worked for many years as a jeweler. He was gifted in and loved the arts. He was a member of the SUP Twin Peaks Chapter. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, six stepchildren, 55 grandchildren and 38 great-grandchildren.

Don Snelson, 66, of Springville, Utah, died Aug. 12, 1993. He was born in Springville to Marl Wayne and Verrina Rawlings Snelson. He married Leah Rose Dudley in 1943. He was active in the LDS Church and worked extensively in Scouting. He was employed for many years at the Utah State Hospital. He loved camping and fishing and was an accomplished sportsman.

He was a member of the SUP Palmyra Chapter. He is survived by his wife, four daughters, 27 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren, two brothers and two sisters. ▼

Please join us in welcoming the following new members:

Jerry Arnold Blauer (AL)
 Bert Hales Cowlshaw (HOL)
 G. Benny Jewkes (BV)
 Michael O. Leavitt (SLPI)
 Paul R. Lunt (CC)
 Charles W. Miller (ME)
 Paul Roberts Montrose (TF)
 John E. Moray (SL)

Three of those new members have submitted lifetime memberships: G. Benny Jewkes (#2475); Michael O. Leavitt (#2476); and Charles W. Miller (#2477). Oh, and by the way: the number listed in the September issue of Pioneer for Sterling Wayne Hanks' lifetime membership was wrong. In case you're keeping track, the correct number is #2474. ▼



Members of the Palmyra chapter pause to pose during their northern Utah trek.

Palmyra Chapter: Meeting the Man Who Knew

The August meeting for the Palmyra Chapter was really more of a trek\tour\meeting, with more than 40 chapter members participating in a three-day, two-night excursion throughout northern Utah.

First stop on the tour was the Hill Air Force Base Aerospace Museum near Roy, where chapter members were instructed in aviation history, including an opportunity get a first-hand look at some of the fascinating aircraft that are on display there. Then they headed north to Clarkston, where chapter members set up camp in a field near the Clarkston LDS meetinghouse. That evening they heard a lecture by artist Bill L. Hill and watched the historical pageant about Book of Mormon witness Martin Harris called "The Man Who Knew." Both artistic experiences were interesting and inspiring.

The next morning they traveled to Promontory Point to see where, in 1869, a golden spike was driven to connect the first transcontinental railroad. Then they were off to Antelope Island State Park, where they camped and enjoyed sandy beaches, a spectacular sunset and close-up views of buffalo, jack rabbits and one — count it, one — antelope.

The final day of the Palmyra Chapter trek was spent at Lagoon amusement park, where members toured Pioneer Village and its carefully restored pioneer museums, homes, offices and shops. — Contributed by Keith Davis ▼

June Morris: Blazing New Trails in the Sky



By Karen Boren

While it is tempting to define June Morris by the honors and accolades that have come her way as the head of Utah's largest woman-owned business (and, according to *Working Woman* magazine, the 33rd largest such business in the United States), to get to the heart of the woman you've got to go much deeper than that.

For even as Mrs. Morris travels the world as one of America's most successful businesswomen, a significant part of her remains rooted in the Sanpete County towns of Manti and Fountain Green

where she grew up and where her Swedish, Danish and English ancestors settled. She has dined at some of the world's most celebrated restaurants, but she still relishes the memory of walking the pipeline to the springs west of Fountain Green, where she and her friends would eat the watercress that still grows there. And while she has worked hard to build her Morris Air business into what *USA Today* called "one of America's fastest growing airlines" (with 2,000 employees, 18 jets and 126 flights a day serving some 5 million passengers and totaling more than \$200 million in revenue in 1993, according to the

national newspaper), she has never forgotten her first job: tending sheep in the hills outside Manti.

Nor has she forgotten her heritage. Indeed her life and attitudes have been shaped by the lessons of her youth, including the lessons she learned from her sturdy Sanpete County forebears. Sitting in the chief executive officer's desk in her Morris Air office on, appropriately, Morris Avenue in Salt Lake City, she clearly relishes the telling of a favorite story from the life of her paternal grandfather Peter Mayer.

"My grandfather was an identical twin, and he and his brother owned matching white stallions," Mrs. Morris says, smiling. "One day he bet the engineer of the Sanpete Flier \$5 that he could ride to the next city on his horse faster than the train could get there. The engineer took the bet confidently, and sped off. My grandfather then called his brother, Nels, who was already in the next city. Uncle Nels got on his horse and hurried off to meet the train — and to collect five bucks from a rather stunned engineer!"

She chuckles again at her grandfather's caper. But her own life and career are evidence that beneath the smiles and chuckles at family lore is a marrow-deep appreciation for Sanpete inventiveness: if you can't be faster — or bigger or stronger or bet-

ter financed — just be smarter. For June Morris, Grandfather Mayer's story isn't just an amusing anecdote; it's a lesson, one that she has put to good use throughout her career.

Following her family's move to Salt Lake City when she was 12 years old, graduation from West High School and some business studies at Stevens-Henager Business College and the University of Utah, Mrs. Morris launched her travel career marking maps for the American Automobile Association (AAA). After helping the AAA open their travel agency, she moved on to American Express, where she was involved in a management training program. Marriage and travel with her new husband, Mitchell Morris, interrupted her business pursuits for a time.

"But then I really missed working," she said. "When I told my husband I was going to go back to work he suggested that I start my own business. He was a successful businessman, and so he gave me a lot of courage — not to mention some very good advice as my breakfast table consultant. Since I had the basic training as a travel agent, I just went in and got a desk and a couple of phones and started to work."

From that humble beginning as a one-woman travel agency, Mrs. Morris used her considerable business acu-



men and a little of that Sanpete inventiveness — working smarter — to build the successful Morris Travel Agency. “My husband had a large computer,” she said. “I got together with his programmer and we designed a very sophisticated business management program that was a significant tool to help us get some large corporate customers. That gave us an edge. And that’s when the travel agency really took off.”

The same combination of skill and savvy led to the evolution of Morris Air.

“When the airline industry was deregulated,” she explained, “we were mainly involved in corporate travel. We were looking for a way to encourage leisure travel. David Neeleman, who is now our president, suggested that we charter aircraft, since that was the only way we could get the fares cheap enough to appeal to a lot of people. We just added a little here and a little there to the idea, and it just kind of grew.”

The charter flights expanded until it became clear that the next logical

step had to be taken. “We found it was really a lot more practical to control our own aircraft,” Mrs. Morris said. “That’s when we decided to become an airline.”

With headquarters in Salt Lake City, Morris Air competes directly with Delta Airlines, one of the three largest airlines in the United States. That’s a little like David taking on Goliath, or a young man on a white stallion racing a powerful locomotive. But just as David and Grandpa Mayer were able to think their way to success against long odds, Morris Air has managed to grab a 14 percent share of the available traveling market.

Mrs. Morris refuses to think of Morris Air’s stunning success as a personal accomplishment. “We have a wonderful team,” she said, referring specifically to Neeleman and her son, Rick Frendt, who is Morris Air chairman. “They and a lot of very bright, young, energetic people make all these things happen.”

But few who know the organization doubt that June

Morris is its heart and soul. When she talks about the tough competition in the marketplace, and how “it just makes us all work harder and smarter and better” . . . well, you know where that ethic comes from.

The most recent example of “Sanpete inventiveness” at Morris Air is an innovation called in-home reservations. “We have highly skilled people who are home with their families who don’t want to go out to work,” she said. “So we supply a computer and a telephone and they supply a second line into their home. With all of the wonderful computer technology that we have now, they’re right on line with us. They can work a split shift during our peak periods or whatever, and they never have to leave home, and no one calling in will know if the person they’re talking to is at home or at our office.”

Word of the in-home system spread quickly. “We just received baskets of resumes,” she said. “It’s just astounding the response we’ve had from people wanting to do the in-

home reservations. We’re starting out with a pilot program of 25, and we’re ready to move on with more.”

According to Mrs. Morris, working smart isn’t necessarily a result of scholastic achievement. She holds no academic degree, and although she attended some classes at the U. of U., she was never officially registered. “I think success in business or anything else has to do with a lot of things about a person: good common sense, good intuitions and good ideas,” she said. “Some of those things you don’t learn in school. You bring them with you.”

One only has to meet June Morris to know that she does indeed bring those things with her. She possesses an almost ethereal balance of self-confidence and modesty; elegance and simplicity. There are, no doubt, a number of airline executives who rue the day they underestimated this one-time Sanpete shepherd.

“I wanted to be busy and involved,” she said. “Somewhere there’s a competitive nature in me that made me want to see what was around the corner. You don’t have to be the best educated or wealthiest person in the world to be successful. You just have to find something that you love to do and do it. Just put your heart into it. Find a niche and continue to look for a competitive edge.”

For June Morris, the descendant of Sanpete pioneers who has become something of a modern pioneer herself, that has meant working “harder, smarter and better.” Even against Goliath.

With or without the white stallion. ▼



A Welsh Mother Guides Racing King

Elizabeth Hurlow was born in the southwest corner of rugged Wales. It is a land with its own language full of double ls and ds. It is a musical language. The Welsh love to sing.

Elizabeth entered the world in a little village on Carmarthen Bay: Sanderfoot.

Elizabeth was born on Feb. 12, 1855, the same day on which Abraham Lincoln had been born in a Kentucky log cabin 46 years before. Her birth came in the 18th year of Queen Victoria's 63-year reign.

Elizabeth was rugged and sinewy — like her mountainous country, which is

David had already become a specialist in steel making.

He accepted an offer to be superintendent of a steel mill in Rosedale, Kansas (later part of Kansas City).

David's cousin, Thomas O. Evans, living in Spanish Fork, Utah, invited the Jenkins' to move from Kansas to Utah, and live with his family until they found a home.

That was music to the ears of Elizabeth Hurlow Jenkins. She had met the Mormon missionaries in Wales. She wanted to join the church.

A son was born to the Jenkins' in Spanish Fork on Jan. 25, 1883. He was

Utah State Capitol under the auspices of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Mormon Meteor III was his most powerful racing car.

After he became known internationally as a racing king, Jenkins said of his mother much as Lincoln had said of his mother: "All I am and are, all I ever expect to be, I owe to my mother."

Ab looked like his mother, with a broad mouth, high forehead, big ears and large, pointed nose.

Elizabeth taught her son hard work and honesty. She stressed with him living the Mormon Word of Wisdom,

In 1932, Ab had made his first 24-hour run on the Salt Flats. His car was a Pierce-Arrow. He averaged 112.9 miles per hour without relief.

He was not able to get a sanction from the American Automobile Association (AAA) control board. They said he had not given them enough time.

After he completed his run, the AAA control board said he could not have accomplished what he did without a relief driver.

The board then asked a high fee for a sanction permit for Jenkins to make the 24-hour run again.

Ab promptly went to Firestone Tire and Rubber Company in Akron, Ohio. He sought money for the sanction permit. He also wanted an agreement with Firestone to pay him a stipend for advertising Firestone tires should he break the record.

Waldo Stein, head of Firestone's racing division, told Ab to get a sanction permit from the AAA control board. "Then," Stein said, "we shall discuss a contract with you."

That was upsetting to Ab Jenkins. He had used Firestone tires in all his record-seeking runs.

Jenkins drove across Akron to the headquarters of B.F. Goodrich Tire and Rubber Company. He asked Goodrich officials if they



Racing pioneer Ab Jenkins attributed much of his success to his pioneering mother

spangled with coal mines, slate quarries and verdant valleys.

She married a quiet, brown-eyed, brown-haired Welshman, two days older than she, with a beautiful tenor voice and unusual mechanical skills: David Abbott Jenkins.

When the Jenkins couple were still in their twenties,

named David Abbott Jenkins Jr. Later, most everyone called him Ab.

He became "champion of champions" for the scores of world automobile speed records he set on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats.

An attractive new display case for Jenkins' blue and orange Mormon Meteor III was recently dedicated at the

to abstain from the use of liquor, tobacco, tea and coffee. Ab Jenkins became a mighty spokesman and exemplar of the Word of Wisdom.

He demonstrated in 1932, in the midst of America's Great Depression, the integrity that his mother had taught him. This, briefly, is the story:



Illustration by Quentin Webb

would make for him tires that would hold up for a 24-hour speed run on Utah's Salt Flats. They said they would.

Then and there Ab Jenkins made a verbal agreement with Goodrich. They would make the race tires. If Jenkins broke the

records, Goodrich would pay him a purse of approximately \$10,000.

When Harvey S. (for Samuel) Firestone, founder and chairman of the board of Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, heard about Ab Jenkins' arrangement with Goodrich, the pioneer

tire maker was incensed.

Firestone, who six years before had joined Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison in projects searching for substitutes for natural rubber, gave Waldo Stein a command:

"Get Firestone tires on Ab Jenkins' car."

Stein approached Jenkins and asked what could be done to get Firestones on the race car.

Ab replied that he had a verbal agreement with Goodrich. He said further that he would not break that contract for any amount.

Stein then asked Ab if Firestone could bring their tires to the Salt Flats in case Ab had trouble during the run with Goodrich tires.

Ab's reply:

"The Salt Flats are free to anyone to place what they wish in supplies on the salt."

Firestone put their tires — car-ready — on the Salt Flats.

The Goodrich tires held up for the 24-hour official record-shattering 1933 run.

Later that year, Harvey Firestone phoned Ab Jenkins. The tire-maker said that Ab's integrity had reconfirmed his (Firestone's) confidence in car racing.

For Christmas, 1933, Jenkins received a check from Firestone for the same amount that Goodrich had paid as a stipend.

Since 1933, Ab Jenkins never used any tires other than Firestone on his racing cars.

Elizabeth Hurlow Jenkins was 78 years old in 1933. She may not have heard all the details of the Goodrich-Firestone negotiating.

But, in any event, that pioneer Welsh mother would have been proud of her son, whose name was the same as her late husband's:

David Abbott Jenkins. ▼



George Washington Bradley and his wife, Elizabeth, were among the first settlers of Moroni in Sanpete County. Because George was both bishop and president of the town, Brigham Young would stay with the Bradleys whenever he came to Moroni for conference.

As you might expect, the excitement created by these visits was intense. Cleaning began three days ahead of time. Beds were torn apart and thoroughly cleaned, fresh curtains were hung, walls were white-washed and floors were scrubbed with soap and sand.

On one such visit Elizabeth directed the preparation of an elaborate dinner. They made apple, custard

and squash pies. They roasted two kinds of meat and prepared heaping mounds of mashed potatoes. The meal also included dried corn and other vegetables, three different kinds of bread, soda biscuits and Elizabeth's choicest preserves. The table was piled high with an abundance of rich, delicious food.

When President Young sat down, he surveyed the vast gastronomical panorama before him and smiled. Then he looked at Elizabeth and said, "Sister Bradley, may I have just a bowl of bread and milk?"

Elizabeth didn't say anything at the time, but later she told her family: "President Young was the darndest eater I ever saw!" ▼

On Sunday, Jan. 8, 1854, President Brigham Young announced to members of the Thirteenth Ward: "Your new bishop will be Edwin Dilworth Woolley."

The outgoing bishop, Edward Hunter, smiled his approval. His old friend and fellow former bishop of the Nauvoo Fifth Ward was outspoken and sometimes abrasive, but he was generally well-respected. The "Quaker Saint," as Bishop Woolley was sometimes called, was so highly regarded that Brigham Young had asked him to manage the Church's finances.

The new bishop arose and delivered a stirring sermon to his congregation. After a whispered conference, President Young announced that since Bishop Woolley had not decided upon counselors, he and Heber C. Kimball would temporarily serve in that capacity. Records indicate that this "temporary" bishopric served for nearly six months before Bishop Woolley (apparently with some diligent urging from President Young) called Briant Stringham and John W. Woolley as counselors. ▼

(Contributed by Darel P. Bartschi, with reference to From Quaker to Latter-day Saint: Bishop Edwin D. Woolley by Leonard J. Arrington.)

When I was a young lad the United States Army was sent out here to put Utah affairs in order," wrote Benjamin Franklin Knowlton of the Utah War of 1857. "They camped in Echo Canyon. Lot Smith had some ideas of self-protection and assembled several of us to bother, but not injure, the soldiers.

"We prepared ourselves to appear as wild and menacing as possible, and upon approaching the camp, we galloped our horses, shot our guns into the air, whooped and hollered and departed out of sight, behind some obstruction, and reappeared a number of times trying to give an appearance of an armed host.

"We were finally stopped and asked threateningly: 'By what authority do you trouble us like this?'

"Lot Smith replied: 'By the authority of Lot Smith and his men in the brush!'" ▼

Do you have an amusing pioneer anecdote or an interesting pioneer tale that you'd like to share? We'd love to hear from you. Please send your submission to Deseret Views, c/o The National Society of Sons of Utah Pioneers, 3301 E. 2920 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.

INSIDE BACK COVER

"Maughan's Fort"
by Reid Parkinson
Oil on Canvas

Courtesy Museum of Church History and Art





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